

A MATTER OF MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER XXV.

Continued.

"It was years ago, after I had a paralytic stroke and I lay in a miserable basement in a condition more helpless than that in which I am now. She saw me in passing, and moved by my pale face, I suppose, stopped and gave me a little bundle of fruit which she was carrying home for her own meal. Poverty recognizes poverty, and I saw hers, but I could not say her name nor refuse her gift, nor even thank her for what made my heart leap with joy, and when she passed again and yet again, each time with a smile that filled my dark room with the sunshine of heaven, I grew to live in the light of her coming and going, till there was no daylight for me if she did not pass, and no night shadows for me if she did. I was ignorant of her name. She never thought to tell me, and I had no power to ask. But I saw that her hands were rough with work, though her face was one of the loveliest that could be seen, and sometimes I caught a glimpse of the heavy bundle which she always carried on the further side of her, as if she knew I would grieve to see it so heavy and yet be unable to relieve her.

"And weeks went by, and months, and she never forgot to smile or say a word of hope or drop me a flower, which must often have been bought at the expense of a meal, for her clothes were very poor and thin, and her face, for all her beauty, had that sharp, heartbreaking look which only comes from insufficient food and hard work. And I, loving her as we only love the being who keeps us from despair, had to see all this, and only look the anguish and gratitude with which my heart was breaking. I could not even pray for her to take from me the only precious thing which I possessed—my mother's ring. And when I saw her growing paler each day, and walking with feebler steps, and lingering with sweeter, but ah! sweeter smiles as she passed the window, which had now become like a shrine between us, I used to suffer beyond the power of tongue to tell; not because I could not act a man's part and snatch her from the work that was destroying her, but because I did not know what name to call her by when I prayed to heaven to guard her. And she never thought to tell me, though she loved me as few women love the strong and the helpful.

"At last—ah! to think that I should have lived so many years since then—there came a day when she could hardly falter to my window. Only love could have sustained her, for she had to clutch the rails of the fence between us to keep herself from falling, and when I just looked and looked at her in my despairing way she cried softly: "If I do not come again, know that I am dead, dear friend," and then she would have gone, but that the awful anguish within me found vent in one mighty effort and I cried: "Oh, tell me your name, sweet angel; tell me your name!" and then fell forward from my chair, stricken again and helpless. But when, in time—I know not how long—I came to myself again, they put a book in my hand, which had been left for me on the evening of that day, and on the fly-leaf of the book I read these words:

"My name is Jenny Rogers. Pray for me, as I shall be praying for you." "That book is under my head now, and when I am buried you will see that it is laid under these flowers you have given me."

"And was that the end? I impetuously cried. "Did you never see or hear from her again?" "Never. And so I know she died. But other girls of her name and character still live. For every three she suffered, for every weary hour she passed, another shall reap joy and realize comfort. You have promised it, and I rely upon you to keep your word as I would rely upon myself. Ah, sweet peace, I know thee at last! Fifty years I have sought thee, and now, as I die, thou haltest at my bedside."

"Could I disturb such a hope? Quixotic as his scheme was, I had no right to criticize it. I might have suggested that he should make fifty girls comfortable instead of one enormously rich, but in my position any interference seemed an impertinence, and might have undermined a faith which it behooved me to see preserved in him. Besides, it was rapidly becoming too late for expostulation. The strength which had sustained him through this final interview was fast ebbing away, and I felt that it was rather my duty to speak to him of another world than to delay his thoughts any longer upon this.

"I therefore hastened to give him my last assurances, and pointing to the hall where the lawyer stood, asked him if he would feel any easier if his wishes were expressed on paper. But he said 'No,' that he had unbought confidence in me, and looked at me so lovingly that my heart lost some of its oppression, and my future task appeared for the moment less onerous.

"But I should like to see the lawyer for a moment," he said. "And, obedient to his last wish, I called in Mr. Cutting and left them for an instant together. What they said I never knew, but from the lawyer's manner I judged it to be something of a peculiar nature, for he smiled as I came back and gave me another of his odd looks.

"In another moment the dying man had given one joyful cry, uttered the word 'Jenny,' and fallen back upon his pillow dead."

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE QUEST.

"I took no one into my confidence. I merely told Mr. Cutting and the doctor that I was not at liberty to divide the fortune which had been left me, and then waited to see if the will would be contested. I expected it would be, but

only one or two adventurers put in claims, and these were so manifestly fraudulent that the matter was never carried into court. When I felt myself firmly settled in my position and recognized as the legal possessor of these millions I quickly left Cleveland and went to New York. Taking rooms in the most retired hotel I could find I began the search delegated to me. I went, first, to the directory and took the addresses of all the families by the name of 'Rogers' that were to be found there; then where their position warranted it I visited these families, and where it did not, I learned through such persons as I thought it safe to employ, whether there was a Jenny among the daughters, and if there was I contrived to see the girl, often finding one glimpse to be enough to satisfy me as to her ineligibility.

"The child of Abram Rogers was the first one that struck me favorably. Not that I was satisfied even with her beauty, but I had seen so many bold and uncultivated girls among my wanderings among the poorer classes, where I naturally went first, that I could not but be struck by her innocent naivete of expression and the inherent goodness to be discerned in her sweet face. But when I had made up my mind to know her better, and with this purpose in view, called at the house where she lived, I was shocked to hear that sickness and death had been before me, and that the fair young girl had passed forever from my reach and from that of the money with which I had contemplated endowing her.

"Thrown off my balance by this incident I next visited the various schools, and though I did not find a scholar to suit me, I heard of a young teacher who was said to possess every personal and mental attraction which one could desire in a woman. So warmly was she praised that I became assured even before seeing her that my task was at an end, and could hardly contain my impatience while waiting for the letter of introduction which I had sought for and obtained from a member of the school board, in whom I was happy to recognize an old friend.

"And when I went into this girl's humble home and noted its neatness and the marks of good taste which everywhere abounded, I did not need the sight of her winning yet intelligent face to recognize the presence of one of those domestic angels who grace any home and nobly fill the most elevated stations. I talked with her, and my liking and admiration grew. Had she not risen to her feet, as she presently did, and thereby betrayed a serious lameness, which robbed her of that indisputable claim to beauty upon which Mr. Delancy had laid such stress I should doubtless have committed myself irrevocably, for my sympathy and interest had both been awakened, and more than this was unnecessary at the time, so weary had I become of my task and so hopeless was I of finding any worthy prototype of the noble and beautiful being who had been so much beloved by Mr. Delancy.

"But this physical disability of hers at once marked her as unfit for the position for which I sought her. I dared not give Mr. Delancy's money to one conspicuous for a defect when he had bidden me choose absolute beauty, at least not till I had sought further and found beyond all dispute that the city held no one of her name at once more charming and more worthy. So I recommenced my search, and this time went the round of the private schools.

"And here I want to say that, whatever consequences may have followed my undoubtedly mysterious actions, I am conscious of having done nothing that would in any way lay me open to the charge even of ungentlemanly conduct. I tried to make my inquiries and take all necessary observations myself, which was, perhaps, a mistake, but I never wilfully led any girl to think I took a personal interest in her, nor did I ever breathe a word or give a glance that could be wrongly misconstrued without the aid of the girl's own vanity. I say this now, because, according to Mr. Gryce, events for which I am not in any way responsible followed my discovery of a very pretty Miss Rogers in Miss Hadden's school. She received a letter inviting her to an interview in the Jersey depot. But I never wrote that letter. I simply paused when she and her companion passed by on their way to church or concert, looking at her most curiously, but not with impertinence, or even with any extraordinary interest, for I soon saw that she possessed nothing beside a rather ordinary prettiness to recommend her to my regard, and mere prettiness, even of an extraordinary nature, was not enough to charm these millions out of my pocket as long as there was a single Jenny Rogers in New York who possessed virtue as well as beauty, and character as well as grace.

"From her, then, I soon turned, whatever evidence you may adduce to the contrary. If a card bearing my name was found in a letter received by her that card was either stolen from my pocket or forged by some persons anxious to get me into trouble. I was seeking a noble, self-sacrificing woman, not a silly and romantic school girl. "Nor do I understand or seek to explain the violent death of that other poor girl, toward whom I finally turned in sheer perplexity and despair. I bought the bonbons that were found in her room, because I had seen her stand one night with wistful eyes before a famous confectioner's, but I certainly did not poison them, or, indeed, tamper with them in any way. I did not even open the box, if I remember rightly. What the result of my acquaintance with her might have been I cannot tell. She seemed to be a good girl, but she was an illiterate one, and only passably pretty. However, I might have found worth in her if the opportunity had been mine of

sounding her nature, but I was prevented doing this by her sudden death. "I am told—and this is another mystery which I cannot explain—that she received a letter of warning against me; warning, when I only meant her good! As to who was the writer of this anonymous note I cannot even hazard a guess. The police must determine that. I can only repeat what I said before, that my conduct toward her was without any show of disrespect, and that neither to the poorest of these young girls nor to the best endowed did I ever show attention which was not in perfect accord with the purpose for which I sought them.

"And now I come to the experience which brings me here, and explains why I continue to obtrude myself in Miss Aspinwall's parlors, notwithstanding the fact that my presence there is not wholly welcome to some, at least, of the persons I meet there. Miss Rogers' name is 'Jenny,' she is beautiful as are few of any name or circumstance, and—his voice showed feeling here—"she has mind and soul which acquaintance proves to be not only gifted but elevated. I cannot turn my back upon such a perfect embodiment of all I have been told to seek for. Her very disappointments—we know she has had them—make her cause sacred in my eyes. I made up my mind at my second interview that the girl I had so long sought for was found, and, having come to this conclusion, considered it only proper that she should learn to know me well, so that when the moment came for me to reveal my intentions she should not be constrained by any secret doubts or aversions from accepting a gift that is almost equivalent to a small kingdom. Do I make myself understood, Mr. De-graw?"

The artist, who had passed through an infinite number of emotions and phases of feeling during this long recital, rose with a start at this sudden appeal and enthusiastically held out his hand.

"A perfectly perfect," he exclaimed. "How can I thank you enough for your kindness in letting me be present at these explanations. I assure you that I feel the coils of fire burning on my head, and only hope that you will relieve me of them by abusing me roundly for the various discourtesies I have shown you."

"Don't speak of it," rejoined the other, waving his hand toward the table, on which lay the many documents of which I have before spoken. "Yonder," continued he, "are the papers upon which I rely for the substantiation of my assertions. There you will see a copy of Mr. Delancy's will, the bank books and other papers proving me to be in possession of the money I have stated, and, lastly, a letter or statement drawn up by myself and duly attested by witnesses, in which the story related to me by Mr. Delancy on his death bed is given, together with my acceptance of the strange but not unnatural conditions under which he, a stranger, left me this enormous fortune. I intended them for the lawyer who should draw up a deed of gift in Miss Rogers' favor, but I found them very useful when Mr. Gryce showed me the warrant of arrest which had been made out in my name, and I shall be much obliged if you also will cast your eye over them, that nothing like the shadow of a doubt may ever again lie between me and a gentleman whom I feel bound not only to respect but admire."

The artist, overwhelmed, and in a condition of great excitement, took the papers and glanced at them, while the detective, rubbing his hands together, consulted each finger separately, as if in search of an answer to a problem that yet possessed features sufficiently unaccountable to puzzle him. "Who wrote the letter to Miss Rogers in Miss Hadden's school?" he said, musingly. "Who sent the note of warning that frightened the other poor girl into a flight which ended in her death in the blind alley? And who put poison into the box of bonbons which you bought and sent in good faith to this girl? These are three very serious questions."

"You are right," assented Mr. De-graw, "very serious questions, indeed, for in letter and poison we can discern the evidences of malicious feeling against the girls possessing this one name, which may not yet have expended itself, and which, if we cannot trace its source, may extend itself to the Miss Rogers now staying with Miss Aspinwall, with we do not know what fatal results."

To be continued.

A Bird That Turned.

For an hour or more Baby Florence had been walking in the woodlands with her mamma; they had gathered many beautifully colored leaves and the floor of the forest beneath their feet glowed richly with a carpet of red foliage. Winter had kissed the trees and the rushes and the weeds and they floated brilliant pinions of rainbow tint.

Baby Florence had said nothing for quite a while, so busy had she been with romping along in advance of her mother, but the change in the forest seemed suddenly to impress her.

"Mamma," she said, "why are all the leaves yellow and red? When we came out last time they were green."

"Winter causes it, Flo," replied the mother; "leaves always turn red at this time of the year."

They had gone a dozen yards further when the child's eyes detected an unusually bright flash of color among the trees. It was a red breasted bird that sat at a tilt amid the branches.

"Look, mamma, look," cried the little girl eagerly, "there is a birdie that is beginning to turn, too!"—New York Herald.

Australian Coal.

The Australian colonies should be able to keep England in coal for a time when her own supply gives out. According to reports made by the Government geologists of Victoria and Queensland, there are no less than 62,000 square miles of coal-bearing country in the Eastern States of Australia. The probable quantity of coal available (after deducting one-third for loss), in seams ranging from two to seventeen feet in thickness, is not less than 240,448,053,000 tons. In Victoria there are beds of tertiary coal over 200 feet thick, and extensive seams of oil-bearing shale exist in New South Wales and Tasmania.

MINOR EVENTS OF THE WEEK

WASHINGTON ITEMS.

The State Department announced the appointment of Professor John Todd to be Consul-General at Greytown, Nicaragua.

Secretary Shaw stated that Philippine land purchase bonds will be received conditionally as security for public debts.

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt attended the funeral of his cousin, Miss Florence Locke.

The Secretary of State and Mrs. Hay will entertain the President and Mrs. Roosevelt and the Cabinet circle at dinner.

Secretary Hay will soon go to Thomasville, Ga., for relief from bronchial trouble.

Commander Francis H. Delano, of the Nashville, has been promoted to the rank of captain for conspicuous service at Colon at time of recent revolution.

Lawrence O. Murray, of Chicago, Ill., has been chosen Assistant Secretary of Commerce and Labor.

Attorney-General Knox has approved titles for the property on the square selected as the site for an office building for the House of Representatives.

Secretary Cortelyou has ordered the deportation of the skilled glassblowers from Stourbridge, England, who were detained at Ellis Island under the Alien Contract law.

Dr. Sheldon Jackson, United States General Agent of Education in Alaska, denies the statement attributed to him concerning slavery in the Aleutian Islands.

The State Department has recognized Nathaniel Brandon as Vice-Consul of Panama at New York, and Juan Francisco Arias as Consul of Panama at Mobile, Ala.

OUR ADOPTED ISLANDS.

Ladrones recently looted the municipal treasury in Bosoboso, in Luzon, P. I. They captured the presidente and cut the tendons of his heels. The constabulary pursued them and recovered part of the funds.

Major-General MacArthur, who has been studying the defenses of the Hawaiian Islands, sailed for the United States on the Pacific Mail steamship Siberia.

Governor Taft has left Manila, P. I., for the United States. He will visit Tokyo on his way to meet the Mikado at the request of the latter. He will be tendered a reception by the citizens upon his arrival at Honolulu.

The agreement for the sale of the friar lands in the Philippines has been signed, to take effect in six months, this time being allowed for surveys and examination of titles.

Alonso Cruzen, the Puerto Rican Collector of Customs, resigned as the result of the smuggling scandal.

DOMESTIC.

Jumping from the top of the ten-story building of the Methodist Book Concern in New York City, George F. Green, a compositor, was mangled almost beyond recognition.

Attacked and badly beaten by union strikers, E. M. Black, a non-union man, started out at Cincinnati, Ohio, against the Building Trades Council collectively and individually.

The striking union miners arrested for vagrancy at Telluride, Col., were discharged and ordered to work at once or leave the place.

Missing for twenty-four hours, the dead body of Philip F. Wenz, secretary of the Wenz Company, at St. Joseph, Mo., was found hanging in an empty box car near his home.

George Calhoun, a negro, of Montgomery, Ala., murdered his wife, shot four other negroes and made his escape.

An explosion of dynamite near the Portland mine, at Victor, Col., injured a number of houses.

One man was killed and four were injured as the result of a pitched battle between whites and blacks at Randolph, Tenn.

Ten persons, none of them union officials, who took part in the recent car strike, were indicted for assault at Chicago, Ill.

By a premature explosion of dynamite at the Union Iron and Steel Furnace at Ironton, O., one man was killed and two hurt, one fatally.

Because a union engineer was discharged 250 employees of the International Salt Company, at South Chicago, Ill., struck, tying up the works.

Jealous of his common law wife, Marie Raasch, Albert Altenhofen, a saloonkeeper, killed her on a crowded street in Chicago, Ill., and then killed himself.

Mayor Fleischmann, of Cincinnati, Ohio, conferred with the Humane Society regarding putting to death dogs running at large. The Mayor was informed that there are 20,000 stray dogs infesting the streets.

FOREIGN.

Despite the bakers' strike in France there was no increase in price or dearth in supply of bread in Paris, and only minor disturbances were reported.

Former State Councillor Davidovics, his wife and daughter, were murdered in their home at Belgrade, Serbia, by robbers. Two servants were fatally wounded.

The Japanese Government proposes to undertake the completion of the Seoul-Fusan Railway under its direct supervision.

Following a violent altercation over the Dreyfus case a duel with swords was fought at Paris, France, between Captain Levy, of the Fifth Regiment of Engineers, and Henry DeMolroy, a leading anti-Semite.

Reports of a plan for the marriage of Alfonso XIII. and a new approach to the Pilgr, were current at Madrid, Spain.

The statement that Pius X. has received several million dollars left by Pope Leo has been affirmed.

Baron Gevers, the Minister of the Netherlands to the United States, has been selected to succeed Dr. Westerberg, deceased, the former Netherlands Minister at Rome, Italy.

Friends of Captain Dreyfus, in France, are delighted with the prospect of his immediate vindication and restoration to rank in the army.

Japan is negotiating for the purchase of two Chilean warships.

The British Foreign Office confirms the report that Great Britain has recognized the Republic of Panama.

Reports from Rome, Italy, say the Mad Mullah has offered to treat with Great Britain through the medium of Italy.

The Second Chamber of the Dutch Parliament voted 1,750,000 to buy new Krupp quick-firing guns for the army.

King Christian of Denmark had a chill at Gmunden, Austria, and had to postpone his return home.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance

A Striking Article on the Eating of Candy, in Which is Bound Up Most Remarkable Temperance Lesson—The Young Man Who Craves Sweets Is No Drinker

The news stands in railroad stations and in houses sell among other things individual pieces of candy—at one or two cents each.

There are huge chocolate drops, as big as the end of your thumb, other large drops, filled with sweet, thick cream, and so on.

In the event it is very interesting to watch those who buy these candies. There are very many young boys among the buyers. But there are also a great many young men, and even their fathers, who buy newspaper, and take in addition two or three pieces of candy to be eaten on the way home.

This spectacle of young men—clerks and other men—eating candy is new and pleasant.

The man who craves sweet things is almost always a man who uses little or no alcohol.

A man who suddenly gives up the drinking habit feels a strong desire for sugar, for sweet things of all kinds.

And for the same reason the young men whom you see buying candy as they rush home at night are young men of temperate habits.

Temperance is a virtue that gains ground daily all over this country. The candy eating habit should be welcomed as one of the signs of a new era.

There is, by the way, a hint for young women and for mothers in this question of eating candy.

If a young man brings you a box of candy and he eats about half of it before you can eat six pieces, he is a young man most promising. You may be quite sure that he is not a cocktail young man, or one who has been drinking for years.

On the other hand, there is something about the man who shows plainly that he craves nothing for candy. He may be an exception or he may be a poor fellow hiding his real longings because he thinks it unmanly to want sweet things.

But usually a man who does not want candy for the last time, he thought with a bitter smile that she would at least be warm there.

She entered the church as if in a dream. An old man, who had been a member of the church for many years, was seated next to her. He was a man of many memories, and he passed unheeded. One scene after another of his life unfolded before her inward vision, until she was suddenly brought to her senses by the words of the sermon.

"One night a man was groping his way alone across a dark and dangerous moor. He was weary, and he fell into a deep pit. In vain he cried for help. In vain he struggled to climb up the steep sides of the pit. Morning broke, and found him wounded, thirsty, exhausted, despairing.

A father who wants to please his children without indulging them, let him take the time to learn to them occasionally a pound of plain molasses candy. That is the very best kind. There are other plain candies as good. And the child that has such candy often in moderation is all the better for it.

Candy disagrees with grown people and with children sometimes.

But if the diet is otherwise sensible, and if the candy is not too much, it does not disagree with those who eat it.

It is an absolutely natural food. It does harm only when added to an already overworked stomach. The danger about it is that it is so easy to get into the habit of eating it that it becomes a habit.

Let them have the candy first—at the beginning of the meal. If it be pure, do not hesitate to let them have a good deal of it—say, an eighth, or, for big children, a sixth of a pound. Then let them eat the other things.

A man very well known in New York, Richard Croker, in fact, said to a friend that he could not so much as taste candy, on account of dyspepsia. But he was told that if he would take some plain molasses candy he could eat and digest all the candy he wanted to. And to his surprise he found that it was so.

A diet of milk—swallowed slowly in small sips, and of absolutely pure candy, which does not contain any of the complexions, if kept up for four or six weeks.

We wish that the best stores that combine great sales with cheap prices would make a special of pure and cheap molasses candy, made fresh daily. They should be able to sell it at a profit for twice or three times the price of sugar by the barrel. They would render a genuine service to the community.

Let them make the "fresh molasses candy for the children" feature in all their advertisements. They will make thousands of new friends for their candy.

Let them even occasionally, as a Santa Claus surprise, send home a quarter pound sample of the candy free, with the mother's purchase, wrapped up in a statement somewhat on the lines of this editorial.

One of the best Greek scholars in New York is a Jew. Not long ago a famous professor in one of our leading universities published a volume on certain features of the ancient Greek dialects, of interest only to scholars.

How does it happen, he said, showing his card, "that you, a Greek scholar of first rank, should be doing such work as this?" He looked at the professor and said: "I was first Hellenist of my year at Dublin," he replied. "My Greek is still what it used to be, but my career has been ruined by—whisky!"—Christian Century.

Liquor the Chief Bar.

Cardinal Manning once said: "For thirty-five years I have been priest, and bishop in London, and I now approach my eighthieth year, and have learned some lessons, and the first is this: The chief bar to the working of the Holy Spirit of God in the souls of men and women is intemperance. It is the chief bar to the work of the Holy Spirit, more direct, more subtle, more stealthy, more ubiquitous, than intoxicating drink."

The Crusade in Brief.

William Brown was arrested at Newfields, N. H., in a drunken stupor, after having consumed forty bottles of beer.

Governor Yates, of Illinois, has appointed a committee to erect a statue of Frances E. Willard, and erect the same in Statuary Hall, Washington. She was against whisky to the end and her memory is blessed.

And comment on the liquor traffic following the flag as it does, is the fact that in the advancement of the English flag and civilization, the Mohammedan, when they see a drunken man, designate him as a Jew.

The barkeepers have a total abstinence association; nobody knows better than the bartender that total abstinence is the only sure way to avoid drunkenness.

The conclusions of the committee of fifty scientists appointed in 1886 to study the liquor question is that: "Much of the so-called scientific temperance instruction in public schools is unscientific and undesirable, and is not in accord with the opinions of the majority of the leading physiologists in Europe."

In Belgium statistics indicate that whereas for fifteen years the population has only increased one per cent., the consumption of alcohol has increased thirty-seven per cent., and with it insanity has increased forty-five per cent., crime seventy-four per cent., suicide eighty per cent., and poverty 150 per cent.

The Sunday Breakfast Table

A Prayer of Gratitude.

Lord, for the erring thought Not into evil wrought; Lord, for the wicked will Betrayed and baffled still; For the heart that they were kept, Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were Broken to our blind prayer; For parents' death, sorrow sent Unto our chastisement; For all loss of seeming good, Quicken our gratitude.

—W. D. Howells.

A Lost Opportunity.

It was the Sunday before Christmas. Christmas cheer was everywhere—in the fragrant wreaths, in the evergreen, in the strains of church choirs, in the smiling faces of men, women and children. It seemed as if pain and loss and struggle and death were forgotten in the joy that Christmas brought.

But not even Christmas could ease the ache of one heart. In all the great city there was probably no woman more wretched than Agnes Farrar. She had seen all that seemed best in life—health, beauty, wealth, charm, love. She had had them, and had spent them. She had chosen ten years before to ignore the requirements of a good life, and come a law unto herself. She had found the fate which surely waits for a woman who so chooses. On Christmas Sunday she faced the truth. Her money was gone. She had wasted her health, her beauty, her grace. Of the abundant loves once given her without stint, she had chosen the cheapest and poorest, and the least fragrant.

"I've come to the end of it all," she said to herself, as she stood before the dull mirror in her cheap lodging on Christmas Sunday morning. With that word upon her lips she resolved to go to church for the last time. She thought with a bitter smile that she would at least be warm there.

She entered the church as if in a dream. An old man, who had been a member of the church for many years, was seated next to her. He was a man of many memories, and he passed unheeded. One scene after another of his life unfolded before her inward vision, until she was suddenly brought to her senses by the words of the sermon.

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